

The Ypsilantian

EIGHTH YEAR.

YPSILANTI, MICHIGAN, THURSDAY, APRIL 21, 1887.

NUMBER 381.

NO. 5 CONGRESS ST. AGAIN!

Do not look at this; it might interest you.

SPECIAL SALE OF CANNED GOODS

AT VERY LOW PRICES, BY

A. A. GRAVES, THE GROCER,

NO. 5 CONGRESS STREET,

COMMENCING NEXT MONDAY, APRIL 25th.

The Fruit season is now approaching, and I propose to close out my stock of Canned Goods, CHEAP. Hotels, Restaurants, School Clubs, and Families, who wish to save money, please take notice.

A. A. GRAVES, THE GROCER.

No. 5 CONGRESS STREET.

Farmers will here find some Choice Canadian Field Peas.

BUY YOUR GROCERIES

FROM THE

Union Block Grocery!

ENTIRE STOCK NEW AND FRESH.

Prices and Quality of Goods not surpassed by any house in the city.

Give the New Firm a Trial.

STOP! READ! READ!

HEWITT & CHAMPION

OFFER

Bargains in Boots; bargains in Shoes; bargains in Slippers.

No Humbug.

Honest Reduction.

We also desire to call the attention of their lady customers to their DRESSMAKING DEPARTMENT, and guarantee perfect and easy-fitting garments, nicely and fashionably made, at reasonable prices. Most careful study and attention, is given to DRAPING; and all GOWNS AND FROCKS, entrusted to their care, will be finished ARTISTICALLY, and AT THE TIME PROMISED. This department is under the supervision of Mrs. Champion, who has given it careful attention, and feels competent to please all who may honor them with their patronage.

HEWITT & CHAMPION.

NEW SPRING STYLES!

During the last two weeks we have given away rubbers with our shoes to reduce stock and make room for our SPRING GOODS. We are now ready with the largest assortment of LADIES' AND GENTS' SHOES for spring wear that we have ever shown. GOODSPED & SONS, No. 8 Congress Street.

C. KING. (Established 1840.) C. E. KING.

C. KING & SON.

Fine Table Luxuries and Staple Groceries a Specialty.

Dealers in Field and Garden Seeds, Calcined Plasters, Water Lime and Plastering Hair.

CATCH ON!

—AND—

Join the procession to

J. H. SAMPSON'S STORE,

Where you will find the QUICK MEAL VAPOR STOVE, PARIS RANGE STOVES, ACORN COOK STOVES, FENCE WIRE, Builder's Supplies, Farming Tools, etc. All kinds of Tin and Copper work done at short notice. J. H. SAMPSON, No. 17 Huron Street.

The Ypsilantian.

ESTABLISHED JANUARY 1, 1880.

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(GEO. C. SMITH, — — — PERCY F. POWERS.)

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Death of Don M. Seymour.

Fatal Result of an Accident on the Ball Field.

A most deplorable accident, one that with its result has cast a shadow of sorrow over our entire city and made sad and desolate indeed one recent happy home, was that which occurred at the fair grounds, last Saturday afternoon, in the course of a game of base ball. Among the many boys and young men who were watching with interest every movement of the game, was one Don M. Seymour, son of Mr. and Mrs. William B. Seymour of this city, and it was while thus engaged, lying on the ground, twelve or fifteen feet from where the batsmen stood, that a bat slipped from the grasp of one of the players and struck him near the centre of the forehead. The force and shock of the awful blow stunned and dazed the poor boy and caused the blood to flow from his nose. He was placed in a carriage and taken to his home, where he was soon taken with spasms so severe that his physicians thought his death must soon follow. During Saturday night and early Sunday morning, he was seemingly some improved, and hopes that he might recover were entertained. A change for the worse occurred about noon Sunday, however, and no hopes were held from that time until the hour of his death, seven o'clock Monday morning.

Mr. H. Fairchild wishes to enter a denial of the report in circulation as to his frantic and futile efforts to obtain an injunction to stop the building of the switch railroad on Friday last, referred to elsewhere. The reports are all untrue, as he made no effort to stop the work, his attention on that day being entirely given to his usual business.

Nelson Durkee of Milan was in the city Friday last, a part of his brief visit being spent at The Ypsilantian office.

Messrs. C. A. Mapes and Joe Sanders are sojourning at the "Soo" this week. The attraction thither was the real estate speculation excitement which has suddenly come into existence in that locality.

Bert Cornwell has withdrawn from the road as traveling representative of the Ann Arbor Pulp Works, and is now established as clerk in the office of the Sanitarium. During his brief career as a drummer Bert sold all the pulp his firm had on hand, took orders for their probable product for the next six months and was negotiating for the sale of the mill when he was telegraphed to come in.

Christopher M. Abbottson of Plymouth and Miss Matie Fowler of Superior were married at Ann Arbor, April 6, by the Rev. S. Hascall.

Dr. W. R. Barton and wife spent Sunday last with the latter's sister, at South Lyon, and while there a telegram was received by Mrs. Barton informing her of the death of her father, who resided near Toledo, Ohio.

Walter M. Bucklin, who was called here by the recent serious illness of his father, started on his return to his home in Junction City, Kansas, Sunday night. Mr. Bucklin is a member of the faculty of the Conservatory of Music at Junction City, he being another of Ypsilantian's wandering minstrels. He has much faith in the future of his western home, and thinks Junction City one of the best resident towns in Kansas.

Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Osborn of Chicago have been visiting the latter's parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Bucklin, during the past week or two, being called here by Mr. Bucklin's recent dangerous illness.

Mr. Fred S. Davis returned last Friday from his seven week's trip in the west and south. During his absence he stopped at Salt Lake City, visiting the Mormon Temple and Brigham Young's former residence; spent two days at Virginia City, going down into the great Comstock mine, two thousand feet under the ground; remained one day in Sacramento, inspecting the beautiful buildings of California's capital city, and reached San Francisco, March 5, where he remained two weeks. His departure from there was made by the way of an ocean trip to Los Angeles, a distance of 500 miles, from which point he visited several towns in southern California. At San Antonio, the interesting old Texas town, he made a short stay, and spent three days in New Orleans. The trip was an interesting and instructive one throughout, and Fred now believes that he is pretty well posted on the geographical formation of the greater part of the United States.

Mrs. Mary Chamberlain has been for some time quite ill at the residence of her mother, Mrs. Barlow, in Runnels, Wayne Co. Her disease is consumption, the dangerous characteristics of that affliction having developed since the death of her husband, Dr. Chamberlain. Charles Goodspeed of Superior, a young man well-known and much esteemed by Ypsilantians, is a sufferer from pneumonia at present, the condition of the disease being such during the past week as to seriously alarm his friends.

Mrs. Dobbins, widow of a former Methodist pastor on the Rawsonville and Stony Creek circuit who will be well remembered by old citizens, spent last week with friends here, and has returned to her home at Marine City. She had been visiting for some weeks at points westward in this state. Mrs. Dobbins is over 80 years old, but remarkably strong and active for one of such advanced age.

The bereaved husband is a brother of Prof. Estabrook. The sad cortège was joined by a large number of sorrowing friends here by whom the departed one had been known and loved. —Dr. Elias Forbes of Belleville died yesterday of paralysis.

Mrs. Rosetta Little, formerly of Northville, died at Grand Rapids, yesterday.

Personal.

While on his homeward journey Mr. Fred S. Davis, stopped at Quincy, Mich., and spent several days in that pretty little city, the guest of Mr. Robert J. Stephens, former Ypsilantian boy, well-known to most of our readers. Robert is proprietor of a well-established and prosperous news and stationery business in Quincy and as a businessman and a citizen is highly esteemed and popular.

Mr. Charles Y. Smith, to whom we referred last week as being employed at Hillsdale has returned here and is employed at the C. N. Ellis lumber yard. Charles is one of Ypsilantian's talented vocalists, and it is quite satisfactory to know that he is to remain here.

Mr. O. B. Bradley and Mrs. O. A.

Frederick represented the Congregational church and societies at the annual meeting of the Jackson Congregational Conference, held at Chelsea, commanding Tuesday evening and closing last evening.

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It is said that there was riding in hot haste to Ann Arbor in quest of Judges and Sheriffs and all those necessary agencies for injunctions, none of which could be found in the county on that particular day; but we have been able to find nobody who rode to Ann Arbor in hot haste or in anything else that day. Certain it is that no obstacle was encountered, and the road reached the Parsons grounds before night. It was not a very good railroad at that time, but it was a railroad, and a train had passed over it in the regular course of business. The track has since been straightened and ballasted. It switches from the main track from the west, opposite Ferrier's grounds, enters the curved opening of Lincoln street and follows that street south to Parsons' grounds. That effectively closed the entrance to the north end of that street, and another street has been opened for an outlet, running west through one of Mr. Ferrier's lots to River street, to be named Oakley street.

The track will now be extended through the Parsons grounds, along the east bank of the river to the lower paper mill, and a spur from a switch in Parsons' yard will run up to Deubel's flouring mill. The value of this improvement to the city will be more evident hereafter than it has yet been to a good many people; and we are sure that it is more important to the industrial and business interests of the city than anything that has been accomplished in a long time before. It is expected to be completed in about a month. The expense for right of way to the Paper Company is about \$8000, and to the railroad company for the track about \$10,000.

Yesterday, a special excursion train passed over the new track, consisting of the general superintendent's private car and a passenger coach, bearing general superintendent Brown, division superintendent Sutherland, chief engineer Hawks, roadmaster Bailey, surveyor Torrey, attorney Whitman, and a party of visitors. The party ran down to the terminus in Parsons' yard, and looked over the bank into the river. "Cornwell's Dam Railroad" is thus opened with no little *claw*. Mr. Cornwell thought he ought to be an officer of the new road, and the general superintendent promptly appointed him treasurer, with the duty of paying the bills—a service in which he has already had some experience.

Mr. Frank C. Banghart and Miss Ella C. Alban were married Tuesday evening, at the residence of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. George A. Alban of Ypsilantian Town. Rev. E. V. Springer performed the ceremony. Frank is one of our active, young business men, and is well worthy of the good fortune that has come to him.

Mrs. F. N. Rice of Detroit is visiting here this week, the guest of her sisters, Mrs. W. R. Davis and Mrs. Worger George. It was the same old play, Uncle Tom's Cabin, at which an audience that filled the Opera House sat and gazed last evening. The company that presented it is under the management of a veteran in the business, Mr. S. Draper, and its Marks, Little Eva and the colored quartette, are the best in their lines.

Lauren P. Sanford, C. P. Ferrier, Henry Van Tuyl and John Terns, are the jurors from this city, drawn for the next term of the Circuit Court, which begins Tuesday, May 3. A. B. Draper and Geo. W. Crane will represent Ypsilantian Town on the jury; W. H. Lowden, Augusta; Albert Coe and James L. Hobbs, York; E. L. Smith, Pittsfield, and E. S. Geer, Superior. The civil cases will be tried first this term.

A number of persons from this city will go to Ann Arbor Saturday evening next, April 23, to attend the Joe K. Emmett entertainment, elsewhere mentioned. Prices for the best seats will be 75 cents and one dollar.

FOR SALE—Desirable property situated on Ellis Street between Adams and Hamilton. A bargain. Enquire at this office.

FURNISHED ROOMS WANTED—With or without board, for a young lady. Must be near the central part of the city. Enquire at this office.

Allen & McCorkle fire insurance agents carry a full line of the best companies. Insure your dwellings in the Ohio Farmers.

Miss Nannie Sewell has returned from an extended visit with friends in Detroit.

Miss Blanche Haywood Smith and Mr. Victor Haywood, of Clinton, Mich., and Mr. Guy Haywood of Detroit, spent last Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Haywood of Prospect street.

Mere Mention.

Theodore Kelly, who assisted Mr. C. A. Nims in drilling the mineral wells here, had the middle finger of his right hand caught and taken off in the drilling machinery, at Ionia, a few days ago.

The Ann Arbor City Council appointed E. D. Kinne City Attorney, Fred Shipleay Marshal, and Albert Sorg Treasurer, last week.

Mrs. Thomas M. Cooley, of Ann Arbor, has been appointed by Gov. Luce as one of the Board of Directors of the State Industrial school for Girls, at Adrian.

Morgan Gulick, the sharper who is charged with having been the principal criminal in the McIntosh forgery case, reported last week, has been taken to Livingston county where it is claimed the forgery was actually committed. The proceedings here have been discontinued. Mr. McIntosh is much in earnest in his efforts to punish the smooth-tongued betrayer of his son.

The house-burning case, in which Louis Lafin is defendant, the particulars of which were given last week, was before Justice Joslin for a short time last Monday, but no additional facts were elicited, the time being spent in cross-examining the witnesses before referred to. The examination will be continued next Monday, April 25.

The last meeting of the Ypsilantian Chautauqua Circle, Monday evening, was held with Mrs. J. F. Sanders. The next meeting, Tuesday evening, April 26, which will be a Shakespeare memorial meeting, will be held with Miss Jennie Hendricks.

As a buyer and seller of first-class horses, Mr. C. L. Yost stands at the head in this vicinity. One of his recent transactions

THE YPSILANTIAN.

YPSILANTI, MICH.

THURSDAY, APRIL 21, 1887

In a City of Birds.

Following the bird-path the men from the ship went at once into the city, says a writer in the *Youth's Companion*, describing a community of birds on an island in the south Atlantic. Every spot was crowded with a motley, screeching, jostling mass of bird citizens, whose nests, containing the young and eggs, were on all sides.

On each nest sat an angry mother, who would open her mouth and scream some terrible threat in the penguin language, and as the greenish white eggs were broken in the onward charge of the men the birds seemed to be driven to desperation. A valuable dog that had started with the exploring party was lost in the bedlam of a city, and, although repeated endeavors were made to find him, he was never heard from, and the poor fellow was probably killed by the outraged inhabitants.

Not many miles from here was another small island with an area of hardly a quarter mile, yet on it was another city of over 400,000 inhabitants.

As on Inaccessible, the penguins had a general railway leading up from the sea into the tussock grass, the hard rock actually being polished by the millions of feet that had passed over it. As the voyagers appeared hundreds of the birds were passing up and down, hopping along in their ludicrous manner.

One remarkable fact concerning these strange creatures, ascertained from the two sailors, was that in the middle of April, after molting, the cities were deserted, not a single inhabitant of the countless thousands remaining. Where they went, how far, or what they went for was inexplicable. They could not go to the Cape of Good Hope, the mainland, and they could swim back to the island without landmarks was remarkably strange. Perhaps this is their vacation season, which they spend at the sea. In the last of July the males return, and the females return about the middle of August, remaining home until the following April.

As in all cities, there were various sorts of citizens. One, a curious albatross called mollymawks, built its nest in the middle of the streets of the penguin city, of such a queer shape that it resembled a toadstool with a hollow top, and was used as a seat by the visitors. It was cylindrical in shape, and made of tufts of grass, weeds, and clay, over a foot high and fourteen inches broad. On the top of the nest one egg was laid. It was not allowed to remain there, but was usually held in a singular pouch of the mother bird as she sat on the queer seat.

The ground was bored and tunneled in every possible direction by two other kinds of birds, prions and petrels, so that in walking through the city the men often found themselves attacked by penguins and mollymawks above ground, and at the same time by the underground inhabitants, whose homes they had broken into.

On curious mounds in some of the streets the nests of large, ferocious gulls, with curved beaks and sharp claws, were found. These birds were anything but agreeable neighbors, as they stole the eggs and young birds from the penguins and ate them, while their fondness for the poor persons was shown by the piles of bones about the nests.

The New York *Journal of Commerce* says that the elevated railroads of that city fail to meet the requirements of travel, and that the time is not far distant when some other means of transportation must be adopted. There is a general demand for the arcade railway, which ought to be constructed as soon as possible.

Quail Courtship.

I once had the pleasure of witnessing the courting and pairing off of a flock of quail. I was sitting so I could look down on a flat rock that stood up higher than the top of a thicket of brush and weeds surrounding it near a small brook. I first heard the chatter of quails in the brush. After holding quite an animated confab one hen quail flew up on the rock and was followed by five or six males. Miss Quail struttled around a few times, apparently not noticing her admirers, assuming coquettish attitudes, and putting on more style and affection than a human duchess of the present day. She finally took a conspicuous position and appeared to devote her entire attention to herself. Her admirers, in the mean time, stood around and looked at each other with defiant eye and mien. They then began to strut around, spread and trail their wings, try graceful walks and poses, each striving to outdo the others. The more they tried to make a favorable impression before Miss Quail the more excited they became, until they went to fighting.

They fought hard and furiously, until at last one of them, by a fortunate pass, knocked his antagonist off the rock. He did not stop, but pitched into the first one he came to, and then kept knocking one off at a time until there was but one left. The victor took one comprehensive look over the field of battle, struck up a rattling chatter and walked up to Miss Quail, strutting around a few times with self-importance enough for a United States senator, keeping up a rattling string of—of—well, blarney, I suppose. Finally they rubbed heads and bills together, walked to the north side of the rock, rose simultaneously and flew away, lighting together, ready for housekeeping. Another hen then came upon the rock with three or four males and went through the same form of courting, and to the victor—the reward of a wife. So it went on until all the hens were mated and gone. After that three males had been whipped or driven off the rock he nor none of the others would come back again. After the contest started those who commenced were the ones to win or lose. The whole thing was very like human nature.—*San Diego Sun.*

IN THE LANE.

And art then then, my heart, too old,
Even to rest with love again,
To feel the strong blood-torrent rolled
Through heaving breast and teeming brain?

It is no more, my heart, for these
Life's one unquestioned ecstasy?

Are faded quite those dim, far days
When music mothered every sound,
When up and down youth's happy ways
Fared glories on eternal round?
Has chill of years killed every joy
That blossomed for the wandering boy?

These are the trees once known, so well
We felt in them all but unknown;
Their very shadow we could tell
From others by the forest thrown.
The same glad songs from bush and bough—

As once we heard, we hear them now.

And these sweet flowers beneath my feet,
Their young eyes greet us as of yore.
The hope, there! Still they think to meet
Her glance that shall not answer more;
To us alone it cannot be

They're looking up so tenderly.

This is the same gray path we took
Behind the slowly going day;

As they do now, the light leaves shook
When evening breezes blew this way;

And there's the glow upon the dome,
And here the cows are coming home.

Ah, no, good heart, thou still canst stir,
Still lives the love first bid thee leap;

Still are we at the side of her

They laid away 'neath yonder steep.

Though clods are on her and a stone,

In the dear old lane we're not alone.

—John Vance Cheney in the Century.

THE BASILISK.

A STORY OF TO-DAY.

CHAPTER XXIV.—CONTINUED.

IN THE NORTH TOWER.

"Really, Mr. Copplestone, you are given to forgetting your position here. Miss Fortune has gone away; but she did not desire me to inform you of her movements."

She said this with icy coldness, and was moving away. Suddenly she returned. She stooped over me, and took off the covering from my eyes. "Then I saw her pale and beautiful, gazing down into my face with an expression at once haughty and beseeching, ready to assume either look entirely.

I gazed silently at her. Certainly she was very lovely.

"You are in my power now," she said at last. "I love to have people in my power, and—" here she looked curiously threatening—"I love you!"

"Then let me go. I shall go mad if I am kept here while she is in danger. Forgive me!" for she looked pained, and flushed a deep red for a moment. "I am in your power in a way, but I did not wish to put yourself in mine. I will forget all if you will set me free."

"You shall be free?"

"To-morrow morning."

"I promise?"

"I promise. There is no great reason why I should consult your wishes, but you shall go to-morrow."

And with that she turned and went away, pale again, and majestic as a Grecian statue.

To-morrow! I felt that if it depended on the Basilisk I should never be free again. I should never leave Hanover Lodge alive. I had read that in her face, in her tones, when I had disregarded her avowal of passing.

I speedily set to work and released my other arm, and speedily cast off the bonds from my feet, and stood free, as far as my limbs were concerned, upon the floor of the room.

To the window! It was high in the wall, but easy enough to get up to, even without the chair which, in my cramped position I had recourse to. By the fifth light of the moon, which showed at uncertain intervals as the clouds slowly traveled along the sky, I could see I was at a height of about fifty feet from the ground. Just around one corner of the tower I could see a thick growth of ivy, but it was quite out of my reach; and even if I could reach it, I could not dare to trust my weight to it, running the risk of tearing a mass of it from its uncertain hold on the wall, and falling, stunned and helpless, a prey to my enemies at the foot. There was no time to be lost; the cords with which I had been bound! No use. They were of no appreciable length for such a distance as I had to descend. The bedclothes held out a better hope. With the help of a small pocket-knife I managed with much trouble to tear the bedding into broad strips—ample for my purpose—and with feverish haste, yet very heedfully, as one who knew that not his own life only but the safety of another rested, perhaps, in every knot, I made a long *rope*, and fastened one end of it securely to the bedstead. I tugged at it, and tried it with might and main. Every length stood the utmost test I could impose upon it. Then I lowered it carefully out of the window. There was no key in the inside of the door, but I pried across it such a pile of furniture as I could move without making much noise; and, having constructed a pretty substantial barricade, I mounted the window-sill, and prepared to trust myself to the rope I had made. It is a simple matter to read about, and I had often taken it in stories, as a simple matter of course, that escaping by means of a rope of bedding was as easy as any other form of exit. But when, with muscles which had had no exercise for a long period, I grasped the homely ladder and glanced from the solid safety of the dark room to the whispering abyss below, which the flimsy-looking rope gave some distance like a flickering light, I felt a strange revulsion of mind. There was no time for hesitation, however; the thought of Mary in the power of Plowitz banished all my momentary fears, and with a firm clasp of the blanket I let my feet go, seeking the nearest knot. Once under weigh it seemed safe and simple enough, but ere I had got two of my own lengths down the rope, I heard the click of the lock above, the jar of the door sharply opened, and the crash of falling furniture. Speeding my descent too much, I miscalculated the length of the drop, and letting go too soon, fell heavily a considerable distance to the ground. As I picked myself up, shaken and bruised, I heard from the window above me a singularly shrill whistle, and as I set off running as hard as a damaged foot would allow me, there came a distant answering note, which told me that the alarm was taken, in the direction of the Lodge.

CHAPTER XXV.

A DESPERATE DEVICE.

It is strange, but true, that, as I set off running, I felt a sense of positive delight at last exceeding my own on a straightforward, if not on equal terms. Equal terms, however, were not for I was untrained, not well acquainted with the ground, and considerably fatigued of condition from the last four years; while my enemies were on their own ground, unscrupulous, as I too well knew, and aware that their liberty, their lives in all probability, depended

upon my capture; and that now meant, I was convinced, my death.

I ran rashly, buoyantly, at top-speed across the lawn, as I imagined; but the unaccustomed quarter from which I had started, confused me; the thick masses of clouds, which kept on remorselessly devouring with dense blackness the dazzling mother-o'-pearl edges with which the slighted moon sought to beautify her defeat, had rolled up an impenetrable barrier of mysterious darkness.

I stumbled and tripped, and ere long, with dismay, tinged with a sense of the ridiculous, plunged head foremost into thick bushes, whose pliant branches flipped my face, while the heavy autumn dew fell in a shower all about me. I picked myself up, half laughing at so ridiculous a mishap in so serious a crisis. I looked anxiously about me. Those who have never experienced what it is to be absolutely deprived of one's bearings, even in a familiar spot, will have, perhaps, some difficulty in realizing the perplexing nature of my position. It is by no means given to every man to carry about a self-acting compass in his internal consciousness, as a thick London fog in a suburban district has shown to many clear-headed inhabitants of Greater London. Ridiculous as it may seem, when I had gazed about me, and to some extent recovered from the shock of my two falls, I could come to no other conclusion than that I was practically lost, and had set off running upon instinct. I fully imagined that I had struck across the land, was making for the drive, which would have shown me the road to safety, whatever precautions I might have been driven to adopt by the way. But having landed myself in some unknown bushes, I was fairly at a loss on extricating myself. The sky was dark, the earth was shrouded in dead blackness. I could dimly make out in only one quarter the looming outline of a big tree. This was no guide, whatever. No tree that I had seen by daylight near Hanover Lodge had a tittle of the vagueness, the mysterious majesty of the tree that had expanded in the darkness and assimilated the infinity of night.

I stood collecting all my senses in this supreme need.

Help came from the enemy. A whistle, such as I had heard as I dropped from my prison, drew my attention to one quarter of the darkness, which, from that moment, was no longer without form and void. I gazed steadily. Then there became visible a dull light, as of a lamp behind a thick and partially drawn blind. This was better than nothing, but it told me little. There surely was, in the house, but from what side or angle of the house did that blurred light shine?

I still waited. Nothing was to be gained by a run in the dark. I waited, feeling more keenly than ever now that the excitement of the first futile rush was over, the desperation of my position—the that awaited me if captured.

Suddenly I became aware of a dissipation of the darkness. Was it only the effect of anxious straining of the sight in the unresponsive medium? No. The form of the clouds was again becoming apparent. Their bastioned outlines again assumed significance. Suddenly—more suddenly than I had dared to hope—the dim and muffled moonlight renewed the time of action for me and for my pursuers. I perceived that my general idea had been correct, but that I had failed to allow for the circular form of the lawn. Once more I set out, but, when I was well out of cover of the shrubs, I suddenly saw, within a few yards of me, the form of a man dart apparently from the bushes. He came right toward me. To hasten my steps, I ran at him. I remembered some of the football love of old times, and I laid him low with a kick which would have reduced his masculinity in any match for the next week. The loud cry of "Help!" which he uttered as I closed with him told me that it was Mr. Beauyon whom I had laid low. Almost immediately thick darkness again took possession of the scene. The light had disappeared from the house. I proceeded with caution, but, confused by the collision and the sudden change of direction, I was again at a loss in which direction to proceed. I cautiously made my way, to the best of my ability, towards the bushes, thinking that it would be safest to follow the line of the boundary, in order to leave me cover if the moon should shine brightly and give my pursuers a chance. And yet I would rather have had light and an idea which way to go than enjoy the horrible security of the darkness. The railway was my great idea. If I could reach the bridge and get down by the bank upon the line I might be saved. But which way was the bridge? Suddenly there broke upon my ear the scream of a distant railway-whistle. As if in mockery of its promise of guidance and future safety it was echoed by the full sound of that whistle from the house which was rallying the bloodhounds upon my track. No matter. There was the suggestion of life, of traffic, of the wholesome world outside. And more—as the prolonged railway-whistle grew rapidly louder, I saw in the distance the bright light of the steam illuminated by the fire through the open door of the engine-pavilion, and with its shrill call of triumph and glee which was the signal of the engine-hands, with its floating banner of fire the night train sped rapidly on its way. With my knowledge of the general estimate which may be left out of the general estimate which may take of the race. For any soldier whose weight is such that he can be mounted on an Arab he will be found the hardest, soundest, and most docile of war-horses. He will do an enormous amount of work on a very little and very indifferent to od, and will always bear himself well and handsomely. In one point only is he, more than other horses, susceptible of disease, and that is his eye, which is liable to cataract. His greatest characteristic is his undaunted pluck, which is never more clearly shown than when by any chance he is ill, when all veterinary surgeons will allow that he is a most admirable patient, resisting and throwing off the effects of illness or treatment in a way that no horse of another race can equal. Persian horses have always been found among the most generally useful mounts in India, and they take their place both in the ranks of cavalry and in gun teams. They have more power and size with Arabs, with much of the same constitutional good qualities, and a matter of great importance to the State—they are generally cheaper in price.—*Blackwood's Magazine*.

RAISING CALVES BY HAND.

The general run of Arabs are no doubt first-rate horses, as far as they go, for military purposes, but they are too small to mount satisfactorily any but native cavalry. There are, of course, exceptional animals, which have size and power enough for anything, but they are so few that they may be left out of the general estimate which may take of the race. For any soldier whose weight is such that he can be mounted on an Arab he will be found the hardest, soundest, and most docile of war-horses. He will do an enormous amount of work on a very little and very indifferent to od, and will always bear himself well and handsomely. In one point only is he, more than other horses, susceptible of disease, and that is his eye, which is liable to cataract. His greatest characteristic is his undaunted pluck, which is never more clearly shown than when by any chance he is ill, when all veterinary surgeons will allow that he is a most admirable patient, resisting and throwing off the effects of illness or treatment in a way that no horse of another race can equal. Persian horses have always been found among the most generally useful mounts in India, and they take their place both in the ranks of cavalry and in gun teams. They have more power and size with Arabs, with much of the same constitutional good qualities, and a matter of great importance to the State—they are generally cheaper in price.—*Blackwood's Magazine*.

Raising Calves by Hand.

An Iowa farmer tells the readers of the Inter-Ocean how he raises calves, and, as the reader will observe, he raises a good many. He says:

In most cases it is supposed to be good policy to follow nature. But here is evidently an exception to that rule. In the estimation of some people, it is "too much trouble to raise calves by hand" others think "will do better if allowed to run with the cows." The trouble of teaching a calf to drink milk is of short duration, while separating a hungry calf from the cow twice a day for three months is as troublesome a task as I care for, to say nothing of my sympathy for the poor hungry thing. And if a calf that is fed regularly three times per day on a ration of skim milk, with the addition of a little bran, shorts, or oil meal, is compared with one that has the usual fate of being "knocked in the head with the milk pail," the advantage will be decided in favor of the former. I once made an estimate of the value of the milk a calf would consume while getting a miserable living sucking the cow, and found it to be worth about \$12, while a scrub calf would be worth at weaning time about \$5. What is there then to offset this \$7 worth of milk and about \$7 worth of trouble?

I could hear in the stillness of the bushes rapidly approaching. I heard their shrill and menacing whistle answereing to me. The tarpon covering yields to my weight. I am uninjured. The figures of my foes appear in confusion against the sky-line. Another click and the red eye of the signal lamp turns to a vivid green; a short whistle a succession of jolts, and we are speeding away towards Euston towards safety—towards Mary!

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The state jute factory at San Quentin, Cal., returned \$1,866 profit last year.

—*San Diego Sun.*

COUNTRY LIFE AND WORK.

ON THE BIG HORN.

The years are but half a score,
And the whoo-who sounds no more
With the song of the eagle, where
She sits into a sheltered spot,
With his doomed three hundred men,
Rod the chief with yellow hair.

O Hampton, driven by the east,
What voice is beseeching thee?
For the scholar's lowliest place?
Can this be the voice of him
Who fought on the Big Horn's rim?
Can this be Rain-in-the-Face?

The hatchet lies overgrown
With grass and cactus, where
Was the River and Lake of Bear;
And, in sign that foes are friends,
Each ledge like a peace pipe sends
Its smoke in the quiet air.

The hands that have done the wrong
To right the wronged are strong;
And the voice of a Nation saith:
"Enough of the war of words!
Enough of the lying swords!"

Amid shame of a broken faith!

The tools that have done the wrong
To right the wronged are strong;

THE YOUNG FOLKS.

A Little Scholar.

their long brown hair, singing all the while, and they loved the crippled child, for the face above the unsightly hump on her shoulders was pure and beautiful.

They were always calling her to come and live with them under the blue sea in their coral palace where thousands of lovely sea flowers grew and the child longed to go, but she thought of those who loved her in the little fisher cot and said always, "Wait not yet."

But soon the beautiful soul tired of its ugly prison and longed to fly away, oh so far away, and at night when every one was asleep, she crept out on the rocks and waited for the sea princesses, but for a long time they came not and the waves moaned and dashed against the rock.

Of course the central feature of each hacienda is the residence of the proprietor or his representative—a veritable castle, though built of adobe, its innumerable rooms all opening upon an inner court, and capable of housing an entire village. Then there is the chapel, with its constantly burning candles, its caricatures of saints, and the votive offerings of fruit and grain piled upon the altar to insure bountiful harvests—a sanctuary whose silent but powerful influence keeps the whole community in subjection, for the resident priest is the real ruler of the lives and destinies, the souls and lois of the peon communicants.

Inside the massive walls, with their corner towers and rifle-pits, that surround every hacienda, are corrals and stock-yards, to which every night the shepherds must bring their flocks and herds for security from possible raids by robbers or revolutionists. Within these battered walls, many of which withstand more than one desperate siege, are also the jacals of the peons, from fifty to one hundred huts, and sometimes even more on the larger estates, besides barns and store-houses, granaries, barns—in short, every thing necessary to the life of a village.

—Cor. *Philadelphia Record.*

Then the sea princesses were happy. They carried the little dead child to their beautiful palace and laid her on a bed of sea flowers, twined sea flowers in her hair and put pink shells in her still hands; then they cried, "Wake, little one—wake and be happy with us," but silence was their answer, so they sat around the couch and waited till she should awaken.

When the morning broke there were sorrow and tears in the fisher hut, and Gurtha stood looking over the restless, cruel sea, calling:

"Duddgah! Where art thou, little sister?"

"Gone!" whispered the flowers, bending their fragrant heads in sorrow.

"Gone!" sighed the wind through the pines.

"Gone, gone!" murmured the sea.

"safe!" called the angels from the cloud, but Gurtha could not understand, and kept calling.

"Little sister, where art thou?"

The little children gather on the jutting rock and whisper to each other:

"Duddgah will never come back, and we loved her so."

A sobbing, faint and sad, comes over the sea, where the sea princesses weep over the little child who will not awaken. The wind sighs through the pine trees and the waves dash against the rock, and still Gurtha calls:

"Little sister, little sister, where art thou, little Duddgah?"

FRANCES AYLMAR.

Two little boys that I happen to know of managed to get hold of three or four pairs of squares about fifteen months ago, and now they have a dock of about eighteen pigeons. A hungry hawk managed to slip up on the pigeons one morning. Singing out Brownie, he made a dart for the veteran. Brownie flew directly at the window of the little boys' room, followed by the hawk. At the window the pigeon made a turn of indescribable swiftness, and the hawk went crashing through a window pane. It so happened that a caged mocking bird was hanging in the room, and the sudden appearance of the hawk caused Dick to give utterance to shrieks that could be heard a quarter of a mile.

The hawk, nothing daunted by his experience, made an effort to get at the bird and mounted the cage for that purpose. Dick fell on the floor of his wire parlor and made the house resound with his shrill cries. Then the little boy appeared on the scene and the hawk—*Atlanta Constitution.*

The Little Sisters.

A STORY FOR THE CHILDREN.

Far away on a green island in the great ocean, where the foam-crested waves dash against high, black rocks, lived two little sisters.

Duddgah, a quiet, fanciful child with a twisted, misshapen body, and Gurtha, a merry, happy elf, as straight and beautiful as a pine tree.

Gurtha loved the birds, the trees and the sunlight, because they made the world beautiful. The blue sky had given its color to her eyes, and her hair was like tangled sunbeams.

Duddgah's hair was the color of the brown driftwood, and her eyes were like the autumn sea—gray, changeable, and so clear one could see the child's beautiful soul as plainly as the coral can be seen deep down in the water when the sea is calm and clear.

She, too, loved the birds, flowers and yellow sunlight. They were her friends and playmates. The wind never kissed her roughly, the flowers nodded and smiled when she passed, and the birds that rested on the rock, in their flight to the summerland, twittered of strange, beautiful countries over the sea, and how she loved the sea, the restless, murmuring sea.

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The Ypsilantian.

THURSDAY, APRIL 21, 1887.

We could not join in the general chorus of newspaper condemnation of the Governor for vetoing the Supervisors' proceedings bill. We do, indeed, condemn the veto; but if we could find no other ground for the condemnation than is alleged by a majority of the papers, we should be ashamed to utter a complaint. Nearly all of them put it on the ground that the bill would be beneficial to the newspapers, which is no proper reason for urging its passage, and is calculated to destroy the force of their objections to the Governor's act. If he shall have merely interposed his veto to prevent the expenditure of public money for the benefit of a few newspapers, he will have done well, and we will not degrade the dignity of our profession, and dishonor the responsibility that we assume, by making a possible petty private advantage the measure of our judgment of a public policy. On every side the Governor is reminded that he is indebted to the newspapers for his election, and that, as the Tuscola Advertiser puts it, "the first opportunity afforded him in which he might reciprocate for what has been done for him by these journals, he deals a telling blow at their interests." The suggestion there contained is positively corrupt and disgraceful. Any paper that supported Governor Luce's election from motives so low, ought to be disappointed. What sort of influence can such a paper expect to have with thinking men, when it assumes to discuss questions of public policy and advise as to public duties? Or what influence must such a course have upon official integrity and popular ideas of honesty in political affairs? It says to the Legislature, We elected you; this is for our interest; do it in recognition of your obligation to us, or we will crush you. Now we agree, as fully as those papers which we criticize, that the Governor's veto of the Supervisors' proceedings bill was wrong, and that the Legislature should pass the bill over the veto, not because it would be beneficial to newspapers—we don't know whether it would or not, and are certain it would not affect us—but because all boards of supervisors ought to be required by law to do what they have voluntarily done in this and some other counties: inform the people in the most effective way of all that they do in the name of the people and affecting the rights and interests of the people. It is to the public interest that that should be done, and the Governor's ground of objection that some expense would attend it has no force against that, while it would have force against the consideration that so many papers have advanced.

THE inter-state commerce commission, through Judge Cooley, have delivered a ruling upon some points presented, which concludes with these significant words, quite in the line of an editorial of this paper last week:

The language and the tenor of the act wholly fail to justify railroad managers, if any such there be, to refuse to accept responsibilities, due to offer rates, neglecting to impose additional burdens upon the customary interchange of business and impose stagnation upon trade, while they "stick in the park" of the phrases and expressions of the law; it is still more unjustifiable for railroad companies to make use of the general clauses of the law, ignoring its modifying and amending words, for the purpose of imposing additional burdens upon localities, trades, professions, manufacturers, consumers, classes of travellers or even entire states, and especially upon the railroads in favor of the corporate treasury, and quoting the new law as their authority for all manner of petty exactions. The powers of the commissioners are very limited, and with such conduct, the existence of which is not affirmed, although it has been somewhat publicly suggested. The same statute which enables that charge to be made, also provides that charges may be made uniform, and also provides that charges in every case and for every kind and class of service, shall be reasonable and just.

THE Detroit Tribune is unable to find any reason why the people of Plymouth, who voted by 210 majority for prohibition, should be denied the privilege of putting their will into effect under its county option scheme. But the Tribune seems equally unwilling to accept any modification of its scheme that may be suggested by a country paper, and so ignores the idea that, while county option is preferable to town option, the two combined are preferable to either, and entirely feasible.

THE prosecutions for conspiracy, in the case of persons who boycotted a New Haven paper for expressions which provoked the displeasure of labor organizations, have passed up to the Supreme Court of the state, where the convictions below have been affirmed. This is an important determination of the unlawful character of such combinations to injure a private business, and establishes their liability to penalties under the conspiracy laws which was suggested in this paper more than a year ago.

If anybody can tell why the people voted as they did upon the amendment relative to judicial circuits, it would be interesting to hear. Its purpose was to permit the people of Saginaw county to elect an additional Circuit Judge, whenever the Legislature should so authorize them to do. The voters of Pittsfield were willing by 38 majority that the people of Saginaw might have another Judge, but only 2 in Northfield would consent to that, while 59 decided in their sovereign capacity that Saginaw couldn't have another Judge. Northfield's fatherly care over Saginaw's interests was emulated by the town of Lodi, which said by 222 to 16, No more Judges for Saginaw this year. In the First Ward of Ypsilanti, 3 sovereign voters said yes, and 28 no; and other wards and towns voted much in the same way. One voter in the city was heard to remark on election day that he was not going to vote for the creation of any more republican office-holders; and in went his ballot—"Amendment relative to Judicial Circuits—No." That is the way constitutions are made! As Circuit Judges are elected by the people, and the people of the Saginaw circuit are democratic by about fifteen hundred majority, that particular voter missed his mark.

OFFICIAL RETURNS.

Below is the official vote of nearly all of the counties in the state, on the prohibition amendment, as reported to the press. We have arranged the counties in geographical groups, and geographically within the groups:

	Votes.	Yes.	No.	Majorit's.
Ile Royale.....	222	222	222	125
Ontonagon.....	186	204	21	207
Iron.....	200	170	130	125
Houghton.....	1452	1452	125	125
Keweenaw.....	151	271	120	120
Marquette.....	175	302	158	125
Menominee.....	242	2601	1359	125
Delta.....	222	1347	1125	125
Algoma.....	56	110	150	125
Alpena.....	150	100	100	125
Luce.....	640	424	216	125
Mackinac.....	302	557	165	125
Upper Peninsula.....	4,364	13,665	8,689	125
Chesoygan.....	753	973	220	125
Presque Isle.....	67	748	681	125
Baraga.....	100	1459	450	125
Alcona.....	331	361	30	125
Ioseco.....	187	1058	129	125
Arenac.....	362	486	124	125
Saginaw.....	240	567	292	125
Tuscola.....	3523	2222	1301	125
Huron.....	169	2264	568	125
Sanilac.....	211	319	91	125
St. Clair.....	249	5875	2966	125
Macomb.....	174	4279	2330	125
Wayne.....	5890	28167	22907	125
Monroe.....	2121	3757	1636	125
East Shore.....	29,329	68,193	38,864	125
Manitou.....	376	376	376	125
Eaton.....	910	734	376	125
Chippewa.....	100	90	100	125
Antrim.....	1004	957	437	125
Grand Traverse.....	1355	815	540	125
Leelanau.....	563	604	41	125
Manistee.....	137	179	480	125
Mason.....	1414	1034	420	125
Oceana.....	1322	1828	1322	125
Muskegon.....	2819	5889	1633	125
Van Buren.....	3043	2728	1921	125
Berrien.....	449	1549	3562	125
West Shore.....	29,150	20,970	8,180	125
Cass.....	2808	1701	1107	125
St. Joseph.....	3221	2159	1162	125
Bracebridge.....	4534	6091	2645	125
Midland.....	1873	2003	125	125
LeMire.....	5771	4784	987	125
Washtenaw.....	4110	4999	889	125
Jackson.....	523	1273	303	125
Kalamazoo.....	4215	3390	2324	125
Barry.....	3069	1863	1186	125
Benton.....	5118	2080	3228	125
Livingston.....	2349	2017	932	125
Oakland.....	4436	4687	251	125
Lapeer.....	2847	2626	311	125
Genesee.....	3103	1579	1525	125
Shiawassee.....	3634	2241	1693	125
Clinton.....	3289	2583	800	125
Ionia.....	4546	2095	2751	125
Kent.....	6642	1037	4558	125
Southern interior.....	88,315	65,430	22,755	125
Montcalm.....	4631	2023	2599	125
Gratiot.....	3648	1907	2041	125
Clinton.....	120	159	61	125
Isabella.....	2175	849	1255	125
Mecosta.....	2459	1454	1035	125
Lake.....	239	1273	1036	125
Oscoda.....	1686	570	927	125
Clare.....	682	508	174	125
Gladwin.....	225	188	37	125
Missinaw.....	359	175	116	125
Roscommon.....	169	174	14	125
Missaukee.....	418	558	60	125
Wexford.....	1410	773	637	125
Monroe.....	612	225	395	125
Crawford.....	219	223	4	125
Oseoda.....	* 100	125	125	125
Montmorency.....	100	100	100	125
Otsego.....	572	237	315	125
Northern interior.....	24,124	12,465	11,659	125
15 U. P. counties.....	4,364	13,053	8,689	125
15 Eastern interior co's.....	29,329	58,163	38,624	125
20 S. interior co's.....	28,315	55,491	27,785	125
19 N. interior co's.....	24,124	12,465	11,659	125
The State.....	175,182	183,111	4,624	125

*Reported majorities; no official returns.

This arrangement of the counties suggests some features of the result that are not so obvious without it. Every one has seen, of course, that in the lower peninsula, in spite of Wayne county, the amendment had nearly four thousand majority, and that in the whole state outside of Wayne county it had nearly eighteen thousand; but it had not been so plainly seen; perhaps, that outside of nine Lake Huron counties the state had given nearly six thousand majority for the amendment, in spite of Wayne, Monroe, Macomb, St. Clair, and the whole upper peninsula. Leaving out Wayne county, which is exceptional because of the city of Detroit, and leaving out Manistee from which there are no reports, and we have fourteen east shore counties voting 16,557 no, and fourteen west shore counties voting 8,180 yes—a very surprising difference. Omitting the entire shore belt, the vote of the thirty-nine interior counties of the lower peninsula was about 115,000 yes, and 80,000 no; and the fifty-two interior and west shore counties, omitting Kent which contains Grand Rapids, voted nearly 140,000 yes, and 90,000 no. The record of Washtenaw county is unexampled in the state. No other interior county gave any such vote. Was it the influence of the University?

PAPERS are discussing the question whether George William Curtis has said that Cleveland could not be reelected. Here is what he said in an editorial in Harper's Weekly of April 9, headed, "The Enemies He Has Made," and it comes very near being such a declaration:

The only doubt of his triumphant re-election arises from the fact that a wing of his party repudiates him. His supporters are those who are most conservative of the party, who control local conventions. The party machine is a most important agent in determining elections, and the machine is not friendly to the President. Fortunately for the country, the President is very much stronger than the party, and is personally commanding. It will be compelled to renominate him, or abandon the hope of success. Yet the hostility to him in his own party in New York and elsewhere is so strong that his Democratic opponents would see him defeated with the same equanimity that the Blaine republicans witnessed the defeat of Mr. Davenport, and, as in that case also, they would be quite capable of making sure of it.

It was a hard alternative presented to Governor Hill of New York, whether he should approve or veto the high license bill that passed the Legislature against the almost solid opposition of his party. Some paper well said that if he should sign it, it would kill him with his party, and if he should veto it, it would kill him with the people. In the one case he could not succeed in convention, and in the other case he could not succeed at the polls. As success in convention is the first thing to secure, as the necessary prelude to the final success, he looked first after that, and vetoed the bill. The third party prohibitionists and the saloons were united in opposition to the bill! They could not defeat its passage. The Governor has vetoed it in deference to the saloon influence, caring not a fig for the prohibitionists. We wonder if they now mingle their praises with those of the saloons, as they before did their protests.

HEMPHILL, BATCHELDER & CO., BANKERS, corner of Congress and Huron streets, Ypsilanti.

IF I SHOULD DIE TO-NIGHT.
If I should die to-night,
My friends would look upon my quiet face
Before they laid it in its resting place;
And deem that death had left it almost fair;
And laying snow-white flowers against my hair.
Would smooth it down with careful tenderness,
And fold my hands with lingering caress.
Poor hands, so empty and so cold to-night!

If I should die to-night,
My friends would call to mind, with loving thought,
Some dearest tie the dead had wrought;
Errands on which the willing feet had sped.
The memory of my selflessness and pride,
My hasty words, would all be put aside,
And so I should be loved and mourned to-morrow.

If I should die to-night,
Even hearts estranged would turn once more
To me,
Recalling other days remorsefully.
The eyes that chill me with averted glance
Would look upon me as of yore, perchance,
And soften, in the old, familiar way.

If I should die to-night,
For who could war with dumb, unconscious clay?
So I might rest, forgiven of all, to-night.

Oh, friends, I pray, to-night,
Keep not your kisses for my dead, cold bairn.
The way is lonely, let me feel them now.
Think gently of me; I am travel-worn;

My faltering feet are pierced with many a thorn.
Forgive, oh, hearts estranged, forgive, I plead;
When dreamless rest is mine I shall not need
The tenderness for which I long to-night.

B. S.

We find the foregoing, with the initials, "B. S.", attached, in a collection of clippings. In Monday's Detroit Journal, a communication from Mrs. M. A. A. B., Portland, Mich., saying that the lines, "If I Should Die To-Night," which had been attributed to Henry Ward Beecher, were written ten years ago, by Mrs. E. A. Terry, of Portland, after a great struggle and reverse of fortune. The note adds that she is a lady, a victim of circumstances and very sensitive, whose talent is scarcely known there.

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EGGS FOR HATCHING



ROYAL BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure.

This powder never varies. A marvel of purity, strength and power. It is more economical than the ordinary kinds, and can be sold in competition with the multitude of low test, short weight alum or phosphate powders. Solo only in cans. ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 Wall St., N. Y. 845-90.

The Appetite

May be increased, the Digestive organs strengthened, and the Bowels regulated, by taking Ayer's Pills. These Pills are purely vegetable in their composition. They contain neither calomel nor any other dangerous drug, and may be taken with perfect safety by persons of all ages.

weak and suffer from Dyspepsia and Constipation. I had the appetite, became greatly debilitated, and was constantly afflicted with Headache and Dizziness. I consulted our family doctor, who prescribed for me, at various times, without affording more than temporary relief. I finally commenced taking Ayer's Pills. In a short time my digestion and appetite

IMPROVED

my bowels were regulated, and, by the time I finished two boxes of these Pills my tendency to headaches had disappeared, and I became strong and well.—Darius M. Logan, Willimington, Del.

I was troubled, for over a year, with loss of appetite, and General Debility. I consulted Dr. A. L. Ayer, Ypsilanti, and, before finishing half a box of this medicine, my appetite and strength were restored.

C. O. Clark, Danbury, Conn.

Ayer's Pills are the best medicine known to me for regulating the bowels, and for all diseases caused by a disordered Stomach and Liver. I suffered for over three years with Headache, Indigestion, and Constipation. I had no appetite, and was weak and nervous most of the time.

BY USE

three boxes of Ayer's Pills, and, at the same time, dieting myself, I was completely cured. My digestive organs are now in good order, and I am in perfect health.—Philip Lockwood, Topeka, Kans.

Ayer's Pills have benefited me wonderfully. For months I suffered from Indigestion and Headache. I was restless at night, and had a bad tooth in my mouth every morning. After taking one box of Ayer's Pills, all these troubles disappeared, my food digested well, and my sleep was refreshing.—Henry C. Hemmeyway, Rockport, Mass.

I was cured of the Pills by the use of Ayer's Pills. They not only relieved me of my painful disorder, but gave me increased vigor, and restored my health.—John Lazarus, St. John, N. B.

Ayer's Pills,

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all Druggists and Dealers in Medicine.

SULPHUR BITTERS

The Best and Purest Medicine EVER MADE.
It will drive the Humor from your system, and make your skin clean and smooth. Those Pimples and Blishes which you have been so long plagued with are caused by Impure blood, and can be removed very easily if you will take the great Sulphur Bitters.

Why rave on that such terrible headache, with Boils? Why drink with such terrible headache, with Boils? Why drink with such terrible headache, with Boils?

The Dose is small—only a tea-spoonful. It is the best and cheapest medicine you can buy, and you will be satisfied. Get it of your Druggist. Don't Wait, GET IT AT ONCE.

If you are suffering from Kidney Disease, and want to live to a good age, use our SULPHUR BITTERS. They never fail to cure.

Send 3-cent stamp to A. P. Ordway & Co., Boston, Mass., for best medical work published.

HOMES from U.S. Government

The climate is unsurpassed, and Church and School facilities good. The cost is very fair, and will provide large returns.

Write to Mr. Wm. R. E. Oats, Miller, Clover, Timothy, Peas, Beans, Potatoes, etc., now thriving better.

1,000,000 ACRES OF CHOICE RIVER BOTTOM AND UPLANDS

For sale on Credit and Cash, and Low Rates, by THE LITTLE ROCK & FORT SMITH RAILWAY CO.

The GREAT ARKANSAS VALLEY embraces the Finest Agricultural Lands of the West.

The terms on which these lands are sold to the Actual Settler, are of the most liberal nature.

Arkansas is especially well adapted to Stock.

Writing on the Particulars—Come and see for yourselves. For further particulars, send a pamphlet and map, addressed to THOMAS M. GIBSON, Land Commissioner, LITTLE ROCK, ARKANSAS.

RUPTURE!

Relieved and cured by Dr. D. L. Snediker's method of treatment. No operation, no pain, no restraint, simple and without danger from labor. Best of Detroit returns. Enclose stamp for circulars.

Profe. H. P. Rupert and Jno. W. Conaway, 36 Park Place, Detroit, Mich.

Poultry, Game, Butter, Eggs.

Having leased the new store, 42 Michigan Grand Ave. (Cadillac Square), and premises, to Dr. J. C. Ayer, for his BAKING POWDER, POULTRY, GAME, ETC. Quick sales at high est market price and prompt return guaranty.

Enclosed stamp for circulars.

E. C. FITZPATRICK, Detroit, Mich.

The Upsilonian.

Tuesday has only this hold on our recognition, that it is not so far from a perfectly sound body and a mind unimpaired are possible only with pure blood. The leading medical authorities endorse Ayer's Sarsaparilla as the best blood purifying medicine in existence. It vastly increases the working and productive powers of both hand and brain.

Sunday there is a distinct, if diminished, flavor of its being still "along."

Ayer's Cathartic Pills are suited to every age. They are mild and pleasant in action, thorough and searching in effect, and, being sugar-coated, are easy to take. These pills never fail to give satisfaction.

the first of the week." Things promised for this conveniently vague period can

Pure white clover honey forms the base of Dr. Van Wert's Balsam and this being combined with the most potent remedial agents which modern medical investigation has discovered, the whole forms an incomparable remedy for all throat and lung troubles. For sale by A. D. Morford, Ypsilanti, Mich.

For torpid liver use Van Wert's Pills.

Van Wert's Golden Balm is a certain cure for Catarrh.

still be creditably performed. But tomorrow, we will be already the

Little children do not cry when Dr. Van Wert's Balsam is given them. It is so sweet and palatable, that they never refuse it, and it is superior to any other known remedy for Croup and Whooping Cough. For sale by A. D. Morford, Ypsilanti, Mich. Samples free.

Van Wert's Pills are small and easy to take. Van Wert's Golden Balm will cure Hay Fever.

middle of the week. There is accordingly a slight "hurry-up" tinge about Tuesday.

Wednesday is still worse off for identifying Church going people are annoyed by the coughing of their neighbors. One bottle of Van Wert's Balsam would cure every cough in the congregation. Go to A. D. Morford's and get a free sample bottle and see for yourself!

The Royal Adelphi.

The latest. The best. The safest. Five dollars, on each thousand of your policy, per week in case of sickness or accident. One third of your policy in case you lose a limb. One half of your policy in case of total disability.

The above indemnities are paid during life in the hour of your need.

The Royal Adelphi provides for the widow and orphan; and care for the sick and unfortunate. For information address (Box 521), Ypsilanti, Mich.

z any other day in the week, as some persons are known only by their note

"Hackmetack," a lasting and fragrant perfume. Price 25 and 50 cents. For sale by R. C. Coy.

z being anybody else. The middle of its forenoon is the time when we ask some

PONTIAC, Mich., Mar. 16th, 1887.

On the 10th of December, 1886, I came from Orion to Pontiac, to visit my parents, and was taken suddenly ill. Dr. Galbreath of this place was called, and after making a careful examination of my case, despatched, and named as his co-nailor Dr. G. G. of Detroit. He was sent in company. Dec. 12, 1886, made a careful examination and pronounced my disease as Cancer of the Liver, and stated that that there was no hope me, as it was impossible to cure me. The pain was very severe and Dr. Galbreath continued his visits, administering quieting powders. A swelling or bunch had formed under my right ribs almost as large as my head, and I had given up all hopes of recovery. But having heard of Hibbard's Rhenumatic Syrup, I sent, February 1st, 1887, and bought a bottle of the syrup from Peter J. Smith, a druggist of this place, and who directed. About

March 1st, 1887, something broke and the swelling commenced to go down, and all has almost disappeared. Up to the date I have taken two and one-half bottles of the syrup, and have so far been relieved from such terrible pain, and desiring to acknowledge the benefit I have received in using your syrup, I send you this statement, hoping you will use it so that others who are afflicted may be benefited and relieved from pain as I have been. Very truly,

CHARLES A. SPIER.

Of Orion, Michigan.

DE SANTOS' California Fruit Tonic is the finest and best tonic ever produced.

I have used it in my family for general debility and malarial troubles with great success." J. R. Fisk, Alton, Illinois.

The undersigned certify that they are well acquainted with Charles A. Spier, whose signature appears above, and we have no hesitation in saying that any statement made by him can be relied upon as being true in every particular.

BERRIDGE & BERRIDGE, Druggists, Orion, Mich.

J. A. NEAL, Editor Weekly Review and Justice of the Peace, Orion, Mich.

J. S. KITCHER, Postmaster.

781 ORION, Mich., March 19th, 1887.

If a man ever does any stroke of solid work—if he is not constitutionally fit to the attention of horse owners to the advertisement of Gombault's Caustic Balsam in this paper, as it is a very valuable, well-tried remedy, that no intelligent horseman should be without.

That is all its own. The hour of the first-of-the-week dash into great enter-

To-night and to-morrow night; and at all times, call on for Kemp's Suppositories, the new treatment for piles. Price 50 cents per box. Frank Smith, 2 prises gone. We are in the midst of everything, with time enough before us.

The guaranteed remedy. Kemp's Balsam, for the Throat and Lungs. It never fails to cure Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, and all throat and lung troubles. Price 50c and \$1. Trial size free. Frank Smith, 2 dim penumbra of a sense of end-of-the-week about it. It has to a greater

RENEWS HER YOUTH.—Mrs. Phoebe Chesley, Peterson, Clay Co., Iowa, tells the following remarkable story, the truth of which is vouch'd for by the residents of the town: "I am 73 years old, have been troubled with kidney complaint and lameness for many years; could not dress myself without help. Now I am free from all pain and soreness, and am able to do all my own housework. I owe my thanks to Electric Bitters for having renewed my youth, and relieved completely all disease and pain." Try a bottle, only 50c. at Smith's Drug Store.

degree the hurry-up suggestiveness of Tuesday but with this marked differ-

ence: On Tuesday it is the haste of how; now it is the haste of fear. It is

A YER'S FORTUNATE DISCOVERY.—Capt. Coleman, schr. Weymouth, lying between Atlantic City and N. Y., had been troubled so that he was unable to sleep and was induced to try Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption. It not only gave him instant relief, but allayed the constant soreness in his breast. His children were similarly affected and a single dose had the same happy effect. Dr. King's New Discovery is now the standard remedy in the Colemans household and on board the schooner, Free Trial Bottles of this Standard Remedy at Frank Smith's Drug Store.

the day of feeling oppressed with the lot of things that were to have been

Rev. C. F. Brooks

says that his little girl is troubled with rashes severely, and that since he gave her Sulphur Bitters, he never thinks of leaving New York for his summer resort without a few bottles, for they always cure his family, and are far superior to quinine.

On Wednesday we should have done (on Wednesday) we should have

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THE YPSILANTIAN.

YPSILANTI, MICH.

THURSDAY, APRIL 21, 1887.

The arrivals at Queenstown of emigrants on their way to the United States are at present enormous.

DR. JOSEPH PARKER, pastor of City Temple, London, will visit America in June, and probably deliver the Beecher eulogy.

ARCHBISHOP CROKE and all the priests of his diocese have signed a memorial protesting against the passage of the new Irish coercion bill.

A SUCCESSFUL trial has been made in Germany of a newly invented device for steering balloons through mid-air, and the German Government has purchased the same for \$250,000.

The people of Amsterdam recently celebrated the seventieth anniversary of the birth of King Wilhelm. The King and Queen entered the city in state and reviewed a long procession.

A LADY residing in Chicago recently applied to the Civil Service Commission for an opportunity to hear senators and representatives rehearse their speeches in order that she might correct their pronunciation.

The Jicarilla band of Apaches, numbering 700 souls, now on the Mescalero reservation in Southern New Mexico, will be moved to their old reservation adjoining the one now occupied by the Utes in Northern New Mexico.

PARLIAMENTARY reports show that the British military and naval administration is honeycombed with fraud, that many of the cannon of the batteries and ships can not be safely fired, and that the small arms are "untrustworthy and unfit for service".

A DECREE issued at Strasbourg applies to all Frenchmen the order of December, 1883, according to which any one connected with the French army desiring to sojourn in Alsace-Lorraine must previously obtain the permission of the German authorities.

The report is confirmed of the purchase of the Von Raatz library for the purpose of bringing it to America. It is going to the Syracuse University. The library contains 35,000 volumes and 75,000 pamphlets, and is considered the finest historical collection in the world.

At a crossing near Waverly, N. Y., J. P. Taylor, aged 60, his wife, and his 17-year-old son were instantly killed by a train.

The New Haven and Dieppe packet Victoria ran on the rocks near Dieppe during a fog, Wednesday morning, and was lost. Twenty passengers were drowned.

The spring floods in the Connecticut and Black rivers, at Springfield, Vt., are higher than known before for twenty years.

Very high water is reported along the Mohawk river, in New York, and the Susquehanna in Pennsylvania.

A genuine Western cyclone visited the immediate vicinity of Wheeling, W. Va., on Friday afternoon. Everything in its path was swept away. The damage is estimated at \$1,000,000.

F. M. Fonda, Superintendent of the Georgia Central Railroad, was accidentally shot and killed. Sunday, while on an excursion near Savannah, Ga.

A large water tank at Palatine, Ill., on the Chicago & Northwestern Railroad burst Sunday afternoon, killing five men and seriously injuring four others. Two freight trains collided near the tank in the morning, tearing up the ground and loosening its supports, which caused the subsequent accident.

A stranger attempted to cross the Illinois Central's tracks at the foot of Van Buren street in Chicago, on Friday morning, in front of an approaching engine. He stumbled and fell, and his body was torn to pieces.

Eight or ten men were crushed to death in deep cut on the Midland Railroad near Buena Vista, Col., by a land slide.

Near Milbank, Kan., an entire family—father, mother, and four children—perished in a prairie fire.

Drought in Wabash county, Indiana, is killing the wheat plant, and the meadows are reported brown and bare.

A collision on the Cincinnati and Muskingum Valley Railroad Tuesday night near Lancaster, O., resulted in demolishing both freight engines, and injuring nine men, four seriously.

CONDENSED NEWS.

Latest Intelligence From all Parts of the World.

FIRE RECORD.

Incendiary fires were discovered Monday, at Williams & Magnur's breweries, Cedar Rapids, Ia.

Hale & Stattaker's box and bung factory, at Wheeling, W. Va., was burned Monday morning. Loss \$20,000.

The Davidson coke pit, at Connellsburg, Pa., caught fire Saturday. All the miners escaped but three, who were imprisoned and are supposed to be dead.

Fire in Onancock, Accomac county, Va., destroyed most of the business portion of that town. Twenty-three houses, including the Grand Central hotel, post office, and a number of business houses, were burned. There is no fire department in the town and the citizens could only fight the fire with buckets. Loss \$50,000; insurance \$20,000.

The explosion of a barrel of varnish resulted in a fire which destroyed the building at Milwaukee occupied by the Charles Baumbach Company, wholesale druggists. The total loss is about \$170,000, with insurance of \$9,000.

The business portion of Ainsworth, Ia., was swept away by fire, causing a loss of between \$50,000 and \$75,000.

Williams' Hotel, at Montezuma Springs, Mo., was destroyed by an incendiary fire. Loss \$40,000.

The business portion of Trempealeau, Minn., was swept away by fire.

The business portion of Janesville, Minn., was almost destroyed by fire, Tuesday night, twenty-one buildings being burned.

D. Curry & Co.'s extensive planing mill at Wooster, O., was destroyed by fire. Loss \$25,000.

Great prairie fires in Norton and Graham counties, Kansas, devastated much of the country, and besides destroying property, a score of lives are said to have been lost. Prairie fires with loss of life are also reported from Dakota.

CASUALTIES.

The telegraph cable repairing steamer Volta founded on the Island of Myconus in the Greek Archipelago. A portion of the crew was drowned.

Two young ladies, aged 19 and 21 years, sisters, were turned to death, and three other persons badly injured, by the burning of a dwelling at Seven Mile Ford, Va., on Sunday.

At a crossing near Waverly, N. Y., J. P. Taylor, aged 60, his wife, and his 17-year-old son were instantly killed by a train.

The New Haven and Dieppe packet Victoria ran on the rocks near Dieppe during a fog, Wednesday morning, and was lost. Twenty passengers were drowned.

There is trouble in Philadelphia between the brick makers and manufacturing employers that threatens to paralyze building operations.

There are as many coal miners idle along the Monongahela river on account of low water as there were during the recent strike. Fully 6,000,000 bushels of coal are ready for shipment.

A strike of the shoemakers is threatened in Chicago.

A general strike at the iron mills at New Castle, Pa., is threatened, the manufacturers having refused to concede the stipulations of a contract made with the employees in February last.

er, was hanged at St. Louis, Mo., on Friday morning. Only about thirty-five persons witnessed the execution.

Henry Seubenschen, a pupil in a Milwaukee, Wis., school died from being punished on the wrists with a ruler by his teacher, George Werner. Werner gave himself up.

Joseph Bertrand, a Chicago stove moulder, fatally shot his wife and then attempted suicide.

The city jail, at Missaula, M. T., was fired from the inside, and a man named Frank Chambers, confined for vagrancy, was burned to death.

The evidence is all in the Schwartz and Watt trial at Morris, Ill., and the arguments began Thursday.

In Judge Tuley's Court in Chicago on Wednesday, when the first "boodler" case was called, a motion was made for a change of venue.

Another outrage by alleged Bald-Knobbers is reported from Missouri. Cole Turner, a farmer, was taken out and flogged unmercifully, without any reason being given for the act.

Ten prisoners escaped from the county jail at Dubuque, Iowa, on the 12th inst.

Six men were locked up, at Chievo, on Tuesday on charge of intimidating carpenters who desired to work, regardless of the strike.

The counsel for the commissioners and others indicted in Chicago for "boodlerism" will ask for a change of venue in some of the cases.

INDUSTRIAL.

A resolution has been adopted by the Knights of Labor in St. Louis, that in their procession on May 1st, no red flags shall be carried.

The boot and shoe cutters, of New England, are about to form a new and independent organization.

The strikers of the Natrona, Pa., Salt Works, have been notified to vacate the company's houses, but they refuse to vacate except on a 30 day's notice.

About three hundred shoemakers of the shops of New York and vicinity have organized under the title, "Manufacturing Shoe-Makers Benevolent and Protective Union No. 1." This will be followed by the withdrawal of about six thousand manufacturing shoe-makers from the Knights of Labor.

Snow and rain fell in Kansas, Nebraska and western Missouri, on the 17th.

Advices from Mexico say that the following American investment in Mexican real estate closed recently: A syndicate of 5,727; steam pressure, 87.1 pounds; ship of screw, 4.44 per cent.; collective horse power, 3,300, which is a little short of contract. Secretary Whitney says she will probably be accepted.

Eight avowed socialists are members of a committee of eleven selected Sunday by the united labor party of Chicago to reorganize the concern. A resolution to forbid the sale of liquors at picnics and the holding of meetings in saloons was tabled, by a vote of 37 to 31.

Snow and rain fell in Kansas, Nebraska and western Missouri, on the 17th.

Advices from Mexico say that the following hour on the 11th, but while there was much discussion, not a single bill was passed. A number of bills were forwarded but that was all; municipal suffrage for women is the special order for tomorrow, and woman suffragists are getting thick hereabout. Several members who favored this bill before election were now opposed to it since they have seen women at the polls.

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The Senate

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

The Monster's Overthrow.

Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage recently delivered the following in the tabernacle, at Brooklyn, taking for his text: He will swallow up death in victory.—[Isaiah xxv, 1.]

About 1853 Easter mornings have wakened the earth. In France for three centuries the almanacs made the year begin at Easter, until Charles IX., made the year begin at January 1. In the Tower of London there is a royal pay-roll of Edward I., on which there is an entry of eighteen pence for 400 colored and pictured Easter eggs, with which the people sported. In Russia, slaves were fed and arms were distributed on Easter.

Ecclesiastical councils met at Pontus, at Gaul, at Rome, at Achaea to decide the particular day, and after a controversy, more animated than glorious, decided it, and now through all Christendom, in some way, the first Sunday after the full moon which happens upon or next after March 21 is filled with Easter rejoicing.

The Royal Court of the Sabbaths is made up of fifty-two. Fifty-one are prunes in the royal household, but Easter is queen. She wears a richer diadem and always a more jeweled scepter, and in her smile nations are irradiated. Unusually welcome this year, because of the harsh winter and the late spring, she seems to step out of the snowbank rather than the conservatory, come out of the North instead of the South, out of the Arctic rather than the tropics, dismounting from the icy equinox, but welcome; this queenly day, holding high up in her right hand the wrenched-off bolt of Christ's sepulchre, and holding high in her left hand the key to all the cemeteries in Christendom.

It is an exciting thing to see an army routed and flying. They run each other down. They scatter everything valuable in the track. Upheaved artillery, hoof of horse on breast of wounded and dying man. You have read of the French falling back from Sedan, or Napoleon's track of 90,000 corpses in the snow banks of Russia, or of the retreat of our own armies from Manassas, or of the five Kings tumbling over the rocks of Bethorah with their armies, while the hail storms of heaven and the swords of Joshua's host struck them with their fury.

In my text is a worse discomfiture. It seems that a black giant proposed to conquer the earth. He gathered for his host all the aches and pains and malaris and cancers and distempers and epidemics of the ages. He marched them down, drilling them in the northeast wind and amid the slush of tempests. He threw up barricades of grave mounds. He pitched tent of charnel house. Some of the troops marched with slow tread commanded by consumptions, some in double quick, commanded by pneumonias. Some he took by long besiegement of evil habit, and some by one stroke of the battle axe of casualty. With bony hand he pounded at the door of hospitals and sick rooms, and won all the victories in all the great battle fields of all the five continents. Forward march, the conqueror of conquerors, and all the generals and commanders-in-chief, and all presidents and kings and sultans and czars drop under the feet of his war charger.

But one Christmas night his antagonist was born. As most of the plagues and sicknesses and despotisms come out of the East, it was appropriate that the new conqueror should come out of the same quarter. Power is given him to awaken all the fallen of all the centuries and of all lands, and marshal them against the black giant. Fields have already been won, but the last day of the world's existence will see the decisive battle. When Christ shall lead forth his two brigades, the brigade of the risen dead, and the brigade of the celestial host, the black giant will fall back, and the brigade from the riven sepulchres will take him beneath, and the brigade of descending immortals will take him from above, and death shall be swallowed up in victory.

The old braggart that threatened the conquest and demolition of the planet has lost his throne, has lost his scepter, has lost his palace, has lost his prey, and the one word written over all the gates of mausoleum and catacomb and Necropolis; on the cenotaph and sarcophagus, on the lonely Khan of the Arctic explorer and on the catafalque of great cathedral; written in capitals of azalea and calla lily, written in musical cadence, written in doxology of great assemblies; written on the sculptured door of the family vault, is "victory". Coronal word, embossed word, apocalyptic word, chief word of the triumphal arch under which conquerors return.

You and I do not want our bodies returned as they are now. We want to get rid of all their weaknesses and all their susceptibilities to fatigue, and all their slowness of locomotion. They will be put through a chemistry of soil and heat and cold and changing seasons, out of which God will reconstruct them as much better than they are now as the body of the rosiest and healthiest child that bounds over the lawn at Prospect Park is better than the sickest patient in Bellevue Hospital.

But as to our soul, we will cross right over, not waiting for obsequies, independent of obituary, into a state in every way better, with wider room and velocities beyond computation; the dullest of us into companionship with the very best spirits in their very best mood, in the very parlor of the universe, the four walls burnished and panelled and pictured and glorified with all the splendors that the infinite God in all the ages has been able to invent. "Victory!"

This view of course makes it of but little importance whether we are cremated or sepultured. If the latter is dust to dust, the former is ashes to ashes. If any prefer incineration let them have it without caricature. The world may become so crowded that cremation may be universally adopted by law as well as by general consent. Many of the mightiest and best spirits have gone through this process. Thousands and tens of thousands of God's children have been cremated—P. P. Bliss and wife, the evangelistic singers, cremated by accident at Ashtabula bridge; John Rodgers, cremated by persecution; Latimer and Ridley, cre-

mated at Oxford; Potinius and Bladina, a slave, and Alexander, physician, and their comrades, cremated at the order of Marcus Aurelius—at least 100,000 of Christ's disciples cremated—and there can be no doubt about the resurrection of their bodies.

The far-up cloud, higher than the hawk flies, higher than the eagle flies, what is it made of? Drops of water from the Hudson, other drops from the East River, other drops from a stagnant pool out on Newark flats—up yonder there, and embodied in a cloud, and the sun kindles it. If God can make such a lustrous cloud out of water drops, many of them soiled and impure, and fetched from miles away, can he not transport the fragments of the human body from the earth, and out of them build a radiant body? Can not God, who owns all the material out of which bones and muscle and flesh are made, set them up again if they have fallen? If a manufacturer of telescopes drop a telescope on the floor, and it breaks, can he not mend it again so you can see through it? And if God drops the human eye into the dust, the eye which he originally fashioned, can he not restore it? Ay, if the manufacturer of the telescope, by a change of the glass and a change of focus, can make a better glass than that which was originally constructed, and actually improve it, do you not think the fashioner of the human eye may improve its sight and multiply the natural eye by the thousand-fold additional forces of the resurrection eye?

Why should it be thought a thing incredible with you that God should raise the dead?

Things all around us suggest it. Out of what grew all these flowers? Out of the mold and the earth. Resurrected! Wherever did it come from? The loathsome caterpillar. That abattoir that smites the tempest with its wing, where did it come from? A senseless shell.

Where did all this silk come from—the silk that adorns your persons and your homes? In the hollow of a staff a Greek missionary brought from China to Europe; the progenitors of those worms that now supply the silk markets of many nations. The pageantry of bannered host and the luxurious artifices of commercial emporium blazing out from the silk worms. And who shall be surprised if out of this insignificant earthly body, this insignificant life, our bodies unfold into something worthy of its coming eternities.

Put silver into diluted nitre and it dissolves. Is the silver gone forever? No. Put in some pieces of copper and the silver reappears. If one force dissolves another force organizes.

Should it be thought a thing incredible with you that God should raise the dead?

The insects flew and the worms crawled last autumn feebler and feebler, and then stopped. They have taken no food, they want none. They lay dormant and insensible, but soon from them come the horrible dyspepsias which make human life a burden, a torture, a living death. By eating fast, the stomach, like a bottle being filled through a funnel, is full and overflowing before we know it. But the most important reason is, the food is swallowed before time has been allowed to divide it in sufficiently small pieces with the teeth; for, like ice in a tumbler of water, the smaller the bits are, the sooner they are dissolved. It has been seen with the naked eye that if solid food is cut up in pieces small as half a pea, it digests almost as soon without being chewed at all, as if it had been well masticated. The best plan, therefore, is for all persons to thus communicate their food; for even if it is well chewed, the communion is no injury, while it is of very great importance in that peculiar way of theirs which was like the rich tones of a bugle sounding far away. Rapidly the crowd gathered; the dusky light of an October evening had settled down into a perfect night, a night with never a fleck of cloud to obscure the light of the faintest star and no coquettish moon to dim the lustre of rival planets. Across the fields hung shreds of silvery mist, and far away beyond the gently undulating surface of the cotton-fields rose gaunt and grim the dark line of swamp that lay along the river. Ten thousand dewdrops sparkled on the grass, so that the face of the earth seemed but a dim reflection of the arch of the glowing heavens.

"Who givin to be de leader?"

"Chally, let Chally be de leader," cried a chorus of voices; and Charley, mounting the sloping semicircle of corn and seizing a large ear for his baton, would begin:

Weariness.

Is there an end to weariness in life?
To all this restless and tumultuous strife
That, from the very head to the grave
Appalls the hearts of even the strong and brave?
Is there an end to this anxiety?
That haunts us hour by hour and will not flee?
Or anyone made to mourn through day and night?
To walk in shade and never in the light?
Is there an end to losses and to pain?
And when there come a time when caught but gain
Will follow all our unmerit to toll,
And when no foul shall force us to recoil?
Is there an end to this dull, dreary press?
Or must our feet still press the road?
To lead through places dangerous and dark,
Where scarce an eye discerns one shining mark?
Nay, do not look for perfect peace and rest!
A life of noble conflict is the best;
And chivalry will win a brighter crown
That we could gain by casting burdens down.—Milwaukee Wisconsin.

A CORN-SHUCKING.

It was early autumn. The foliage of the distant woodland had taken on all the variegated hues of a summer rainbow. The gum trees and maples were one solid sheet of ruddy flame, and the towering hickory trees were covered with orange and gold. The persimmon trees were loaded with the sugary fruit, and the late summer grapes hung in purple clusters on the dilapidated fence rails next to the swamps.

In the broad and swelling fields the open cotton shone like a great snowbank, and in the corn only the "slip-shucks" remained to show where the lusty brown ears had hung. The lusty brown ears had hung. The corn had been gathered and hauled to the great lot where the cribs stood waiting for the harvest.

Day after day for a whole week the loaded wagons had been driven to the lot, each depositing its load on the semicircular pile, that had grown higher and higher, until Charley Green, the driver, himself could not see over the top of it. Then came the night of the "corn-shucking."

The men on the plantations, far and near, had assembled to join in the work that was more than half frolic. Blowing merry tunes on their quills, stopping every now and then for a "pat and dance" in the sandy road, they came singly, in pairs, and in crowds, singing snatches of wild plantation melodies, or "whooping" in that

peculiar way of theirs which was like the rich tones of a bugle sounding far away.

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the dusky light of an October evening had settled down into a perfect night,

a night with never a fleck of cloud to

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mounting the sloping semicircle of

corn and seizing a large ear for his

baton, would begin:

O, day's one ting 'or' po' man

Soldin evuh day

Frow'nd in de mornin'

All 'roun' de co'n pile,

Hoe jolly ho!

All 'roun' de co'n pile,

Hoe jolly hoe.

This was the signal for beginning

and the dusky forms seated themselves,

kneeling in a convenient attitude, and the gleaming ears flew thick and fast

through the air:

O big Joe! Little Joe you betta go;

Jemine baki 'ca' hoe-cake stow, too slow,

All 'roun' de co'n pile,

Hoe jolly ho!

All 'roun' de co'n pile,

Hoe jolly ho!

Always breakfast before work or exercise. No laborers nor active persons should eat an atom later than sundown, and then it should not be over half the mid-day meal. Persons of sedentary habits, or who are at all ailing, should take absolutely nothing for supper beyond a single piece of cold, stale bread and butter, or a sharp biscuit, with a single cup of warm drink. Such a supper will always give better sleep and prepare for a heartier breakfast, with the advantage of having the exercise of the whole day to grind it up and extract its nutriment. Never eat without an inclination.—*Hall's Journal of Health.*

Papier Mache.

A gentleman the other day showed our reporter a highly polished match box, with the remark that it was papier mache, and then proceeded to tell us how that substance was made. He said that cotton forms the basis of the paper used. The sheets are pasted together with dextrine until the mass is thick enough to go under the hydraulic press. There they are squeezed into any desired form, which, when dry, is as hard as, and a good deal lighter, bulk for bulk, than any wood. This product is poreless, fiberless, sapless and knotless. It is subjected for twenty-four hours to a high drying heat. Then it can be worked with any kind of tool. The varnishing of it is a mere detail. It is from this substance that are manufactured all those bracelets of large black beads studded with Sesto imitation diamonds, all those necklaces, pins, clasps and trinkets of all sorts that are taken for pitch, coal or some precious wood. Again, those handsome bracelets, composed of semi-lucid and opaque globules that seem to be cut out of a stone formed by concentric layers of certain precious stones, are merely of papier mache, cemented with white varnish and coated with the same.

So, too, those beautiful napkins, painted and gilded trays, round tables and caskets that are known as Japanese work, are merely papier mache.

The Japanese knows

with a kind of gilding, while we have

two—the dead and the brilliant. We have,

likewise, a liquid nacre taken

from the scales of the white bait that

well imitates the white currant and

certain transparent berries. The nacre is solidly inlaid by means of the hydraulic press, and finally the surface is finished with punice stone to make it perfectly even, and colorless varnish of the first quality.—*Pittsburgh Chronicle.*

Jewels of Japan's Empress.

The jewels which were recently made in Germany for the Empress of Japan are said to consist of a diadem, a necklace, and several bracelets. The diadem contains 600 diamonds, nine of large size. The centre stone weighs nine carats, and is valued at 25,000 francs, while the large stones are mounted that they can be separated and worn as brooches. The necklace is a riviere of three double rows, containing 140 diamonds, all of singular purity. The bracelets, which are of silver, are ornamented with the various precious stones now in vogue. *Jeweler's Weekly.*

Weariness.

that the laborers would strike up their "supper song":

O, forty weight or Johnny cake,
An' fifty weight or cheese,
An' big pot er hominy,
N'er little pot er pease.
O, Jenny, ain't yo' ash-cake done, my da'lin';
Jenny, ain't yo' ash-cake done, my dead?
An' I could git a grocer,
An' I give five dolahs fo' n' ole blin' hoss.
O, Jenny, ain't yo' ash-cake done, my da'lin';
Jenny, ain't yo' ash-cake done, my dead?
So' my hoss in Tennessee,
N' his jawbone come back to me,
An' de faw-bone popped an' de marrer flew
High's my head, an' higher too;
O, Jenny, ain't yo' ash-cake done, my da'lin';
Jenny, ain't yo' ash-cake done, my dead?
Big ole buzzard er flyin's by;
Seze, "One man, yo' hoss'll die,"
An' ef' e dies I'll ran' skid
An' git a grocer, an' get a marrer.
O, Jenny, ain't yo' ash-cake done, my da'lin';
Jenny, ain't yo' ash-cake done, my dead?

The Jews in Russia.

When a Russian sees three men with gaunt faces, long priestly coats dangling at their heels, and a lock of hair hanging over each ear, he says, "More government spies."

These Polish Jews should not be confounded with the thrifty Jews of America. They are another class of people. Their features, their manners, the cut of their hair, and the fashion of their clothing are different from what one is accustomed to see in New York. The number of blonds among them is surprisingly large. They seldom travel alone, but in companies roam the plains of Russia and Poland, ever talking, ever restlessly watching, ever hating, and never afraid, yet distrustful lurking in their finely chiseled faces.

The general opinion expressed by the Russians is that while Polish Jews are spiteful nature, they have remarkable gifts or business, and that when one of them is so fortunate as to get a considerable sum of money and embark in wheat speculations, he speedily grows rich, gathers his clan friends about him, forms a colossal combination through which, if not prevented by oppression or legalized conspiracy on the part of his jealous neighbors, he is able to control the business on his neighborhood. It is not until one has seen these Polish Jews, watched their strangely expressive faces, and studied their peculiar character, that he appreciates that they are direct descendants of the Jews of history, who for ages suffered unspeakable outrages. The wrongs described by historians are plainly written in their faces, and as they glide noiselessly along the street, with restless, watchful, and hating eyes, one feels suspicious in spite of himself.

Many of these people are undoubtedly obnoxious. I have seen a weary woman struggle through the crowd at a railway station to get water for her little ones, when a priestly-looking dervish snatched the cup from her hand and drank the water with the manners of a beast. Why these yellow-haired wanderers always travel in squads of three, no one explains. They swarm the country. The cruelties of centuries have given them a ferocious, hunted look, and made them as brutal as animals, yet their intellect lifts them above their oppressors, who call them "spies." —RALPH MELEK, in *Harper's Magazine* of April.

Jokes.

Two little boys were discussing the strength of a bee. "He can't pull more'n a fly," said one of them. "Well," said the other, "I dunno how much he can pull, but when he backs up to you and pushes, I guess you'll fall back every time."

"What a god' thing it would be if men were angels!" said one young lady to another. "Well, my dear, all those who made love to me were." "How so?" eagerly asked the former. "Why, because they have all flown!"

"Lovely weather, isn't it?" said one hotel man to another, on Wednesday. "Brings everything out of the ground blooming." "Great Scott!" said the other, "I hope not, for my chief creditors are buried."

A musical critic being

The Upsilonian.

Reminiscence.

Semi-Weekly Telegraph, Norwich, N. Y.
The writer of the volume [Glimpses] is a North Pitcher boy, or was thirty years ago. He left Pitcher with a squad of recruits from that place and Otselic and joined the 35th regiment in the Peterboro company. This squad enlisted three times, first at DeRuyter, where the company disbanded from inability of the volunteer recruiting officers to bear the expense of maintaining the men until the company could be filled and accepted; then in Norwich, where they were quartered at the Eagle Hotel and where the same fate overtook them, and then at Peterboro. It took them about a fortnight to get themselves enlisted, during which they kept a carriage to transport them from place to place, and only dismissed it when they were securely enlisted. * * The style of these sketches is chaste and imaginative, and makes the book pleasant reading.

Woodhill (H.) Dispatch.

Geo. C. Smith, well known in this county as the former editor of the Cambridge Chronicle, and the greatest "figurer" on earth, has sent us a neat volume entitled "Glimpses." * * The glimpses are written in Bro. Smith's best vein, and cannot fail of being interesting to Henry county people.

+icular reference to a supposed penchant for statistical illustration.

"Fritz" Emmett at Ann Arbor.

It is hardly necessary, for the purpose of giving information, to make any reference to the great Joe K. Emmett, the first favorite of American play-goers, other than to announce his name, and the fact that he is to appear at the Grand Opera House in Ann Arbor, next Saturday evening, April 23, in one of his latest and best plays, supported by his own splendid company. Arrangements for seats can be made by mail or telephone.

Normal Items.

Botanizing is now coming into vogue. Anyone can go.

A semi-chorus from the choir rendered a hymn Tuesday morning the music of which was composed by Junior Rice. It was a very sweet melody and was received with pleasure.

Prof. McLouth gave a call this week for devotional exercises Monday morning.

The last assignment of teachers for the model was made yesterday. Some long faces on those who are left off.

Prof. McKenzie of Lawrenceville Academy, Lawrenceville, New Jersey, was visiting Prof. D'Ooge this week.

Prof. Sill very feelingly alluded to the death of Mrs. Helen C. Estabrook, who died at her home in Saginaw, Sunday, and was buried here yesterday, in chapel Wednesday. Prof. Sill and Mrs. Estabrook, nee Helen Norris, together with Alzina Morton, formed the class of '54, the first one in the history of the Normal.

The first match game of ball took place Saturday in contest with an Ann Arbor club. All interest in the game was extinguished by the sad and tragic death of Don Seymour caused by a blow from a club slipping from the hands of one of the players.

Salem.

Mr. O. Packard is on the gain. Mr. G. Renwick started for Ogemaw county, Tuesday.

Miss Allie McCormick has commenced her school in district No. 5.

Mr. and Mrs. Bunkman gave a private sugar party at their residence Friday evening, April 15.

W. H. Tait sports a new horse and spending cart.

Mr. Dwight Packard of Adrian spent Saturday with Mr. H. C. Packard.

Miss Maud Shankland is to occupy the big chair in the Walker district this spring.

There will be a concert at the Laramie church, Saturday evening, April 22. It will be given by the Arts Arbor Quartette—F. L. Mallory, Alvin Wilsey, G. B. Hodge, and J. E. Hodge. Admission, 15 cents.

Married, at the Salem parsonage by Rev. Mr. Bettis, April 13, Mr. Blake and Miss Mary Witaker.

Considerable excitement was occasioned a few evenings ago by the burning of what was supposed to be the large brick house of George Blake, but it turned out to be a straw stack.

Stony Creek.

The farmers are busy sowing their oats.

Wheat look poor this spring.

The quarterly meeting of the M. E. church was held at Moorville Sunday. The Presbyterian society design making some improvements at their church.

Newcomb.

Mr. John Branton fell from a load of hay week before last but was not seriously injured.

George Thompson has moved the house he bought of Geo. Smith, three-quarters of a mile onto his 40 acres.

P. H. O'Brien will give a ball in his new house next Friday evening.

Addison Childs of Lansing, is visiting with his parents near Whitaker for a few days.

Mrs. Geo. Russell, Mrs. David Potter and Mrs. S. T. Ballard don't propose to roast over hot stoves this summer, having each bought a gasoline stove of Drury & Taylor, hardware dealers, Ypsilanti.

Old Mrs. Thorn who has been seriously sick for some time, is slowly convalescing.

Alfred Smith, sr., who has been sick for sometime past is mending slowly.

Mrs. Susan K. Hammond and son are visiting friends and relatives at Rasinville, Monroe county.

Wm. A. Russell and J. M. Breining sowed their oats the first of last week.

Rawsonville.

Sam Fletcher and family have moved to Ypsilanti.

John Van Wert has been visiting at Leslie the past week.

John Zebulon has moved on his farm in Zumbro township.

Tuttle, Manzer & Co. are building a large grain and tool house for M. M. Bush.

Fred Van Atta left for his home in Cleveland last Monday.

Ab Bucklin is home from Jackson, where he has been at work.

The Good Templars meet every Saturday evening at 8 P.M., and request that all members be present at next meeting.

Meeting next Sunday evening at 7:30.

Rev. Andrew Ebling, pastor.

CARP.

Read This Notice.

Hair cutting, at the barber shop over the postoffice, 20 cents. Spring and summer clothing cleaned, renovated and repaired. Good work and low prices.

Go to Trim, McGregor & Co., No 2 Union Block, if you want bargains.

Blosser, of the Manchester Enterprise, uses a little i in speaking of the Irish and refers to the Dutch with a lower-case d. His typographical disrespect if persisted in may get him into trouble with a big T.

The Milan Leader notes the fact that 10 of W. H. Wanty's children are "tussling" with the mumps. The paper fails to state whether the triumphant march of the mumps in that family was interrupted by a lack of children or gave up discouraged.

Representative Manly, of this county, who made a speech against the passage of the woman suffrage bill at Lansing last week, is reported to have said, that before he left home he asked his wife what she thought of the bill, and she answered, "By all means, vote it down." With all due courtesy to Mrs. Manly, we must respectfully insist that if women are not fitted of competent to vote for alderman or supervisor, it is just a little presumption for one of them to give such positive directions as to the disposal of important state legislation.

"Samantha at Saratoga."

Miss Marietta Holly, the distinguished humorist author known as "Josiah Allen's Wife," has just finished her new book "Samantha at Saratoga," in the imitable mirth-provoking style of "Samantha at the Centennial," "Betsey Bobbit," etc., and has sold the MSS. for a good round sum to Messrs. Hubbard Bros., of Philadelphia, who are employing the best humorous artists in the country to illustrate it, and propose bringing it out this Spring at a popular price by subscription. Miss Holly spent all last season amid the whirl of fashion at Saratoga, and takes off its follies, flirtations, pug dogs, low neck dressing, etc., etc., in a style that is overflowing with richest humor, and must create a great sensation.

HOUSE AND LOT FOR SALE.—Situated on State Street, in best part of the city, well fitted up, and desirable in all respects. Will be sold cheap and on reasonable terms. For further particulars enquire at this office. SOS3

For Sale, Cheap.

Thirty thousand brick. Enquire of or address Chas. P. Ferrier, Ypsilanti.

Wanted.

Competent girl for general house work. Mrs. W. B. SEYMOUR, 51 Emmet st., Ypsilanti. Iff.

Rooms for Rent.

Two desirable rooms near centre of city, on ground floor, furnished or unfurnished. Enquire at this office.

To Rent.

House No. 49, Emmet st. W. B. SEYMOUR.

Wanted.

A good girl for general housework at No. 12 Oak st. Mrs. M. H. BROOKS.

Loss.

A roll of bills containing about forty dollars. The finder will be liberally rewarded by leaving the bills at this YPSILANTI office.

Horse for Sale.

One bay gelding, with black points, 16 hands high, 5 years old. Enquire at my farm, four miles east of Saline, or address A. D. CRITTENDEN.

37781 Saline, Mich.

Real Estate for Horses.

Wanted to exchange, house and lot, buildings new, and new barn, for horses. Address Box 809, Ypsilanti, Michigan.

For Sale.

Residence and Business property and vacant lots for sale, cheap. Enquire of E. B. DRURY, at Drury & Taylor's Hardware store.

Business Partner Wanted.

A partner is wanted in an established, growing business in this city. The business can be much increased with the addition of an energetic man with \$1500 capital. Address, Box 781, Ypsilanti, Mich.

Accidents.

and how to dress them, and other valuable medical information, will be found in Dr. Kaufmann's great Medical Work; elegant colored plates. Send three 2 stamps to postage to A. P. Ordway & Co., Boston, Mass., and receive a copy free.

Blacksmith shop, carriage shop and paint shop at Rawsonville for sale or rent on easy terms. Address John S. Jackson, Rawsonville, Mich. SOS3*

Empire State and Early Ohio Seed Potatoes for sale at the old flour and feed store Congress St. south side.

P. H. DEVOE.

New goods arriving every day, at Trim, McGregor & Co.'s, No 2 Union Block.

Trim, Mcgregor & Co., No. 2 Union Block, are selling shoes 25 per cent. cheaper than any other dealers.

G. H. & Harry Gilmore, house painters and paper hangers. Shop corner of Congress and Adams streets.

No more trouble to build fires as you can get all the listing for kindling you want at Samson's wood yard or Davis's feed store for 5 cents a bunch. A bunch free with every half cord or more of wood.

Anyone wishing to engage the professional services of Miss Betsey Gates, will call on Mrs. P. W. Carpenter, south Washington st.

D. B. GREENE.

If you want that Pension; if you want the very best Fire Insurance; if you want a Life Insurance THAT INSURES and no discount, go to

MORTGAGE SALE.—DEFAULT HAVING BEEN made in the conditions of a certain mortgage, bearing date the 17th day of April, 1880, between the undersigned, Plaintiff, and William B. Clark of Ypsilanti, Mich., and before the Office of the Register of Deeds of Washtenaw County, Michigan, to William B. Clark of Ypsilanti, Mich., and record of which was made on the 19th day of April, A. D. 1880, on which mortgage there is claimed to be due at the time of this notice, the sum of one hundred and forty dollars and forty-seven cents, principal and interest, besides a reasonable attorney fee of fifteen dollars; and no suit or process has been had at law to recover the same, on account of the non-payment of the same.

Now therefore, notice is hereby given, that to satisfy the amount claimed to be due at law, and the legal costs and expenses, and a sum in excess of the amount so claimed, and covered by said mortgage, and of the statute in such case made and provided, the premises described in and covered by said mortgage, and the land on which the same stand, in the fourth quarter of section twenty three in town four south of range seven east, will be sold at public auction, to the highest bidder, on the 1st day of July, 1881, at the Circuit Court House, at Ypsilanti, Michigan, at that being the building in which the Circuit Court for the county of Washtenaw is located.

I am also manufacturer of Lime and dealer in Stucco, Hair, Cement, and Wood, for which orders can be left at the New Grocery Store,

Cross Street, opposite Follett House Block.

WM. MALLION,

Gunsmith, and dealer in all kinds of Guns, Pistols, Ammunition, etc. Repairing and Gas Fitting promptly attended to.

Referred to Committee on Markets.

To the Mayor and Common Council of the City of Ypsilanti:

Gentlemen:—If the City will vacate the land

lying between our lands and those of the M. C. Kirk, we will deconvey to the City for the purpose of a street, a strip of land eighteen feet in width across the south side of lots 64 and 73 in the same addition.

PHILIP FERRIER,
CHAS. P. FERRIER.

Accepted and adopted.

REPORTS OF OFFICERS.

D. C. Griffen, amount of fine money collected during month of March.

Accepted and filed.

UNFINISHED BUSINESS.

On motion of Ald. Kirk, resolution of Ald. Kirk relative to change of wood market was taken from the table and referred to the Committee on Markets.

CLOTHING AND ACCOUNTS.

Alderman, salaries \$200.00

J. A. Judson, salary, insurance and exp. 48.31

M. Cremer, paid help and expenses 33.85

" " salary 150.00

E. Battwell, salary, watch officer and chief fire dept. 25.00

O. G. LaRue, salary 35.00

D. J. Griffen, justice fees 2.70

J. Flory, & Son, piping 4.50

Voted from Contingent Fund.

Ayes 9. Nays 0.

MOTIONS AND RESOLUTIONS.

By Ald. Kirk—

Resolved, That a lamp post be erected on the S.E. corner of Hamilton and Olive streets.

Adopted.

Ayes 9. Nays 0.

By Ald. Ainsworth—

Resolved, That a lantern be placed on the point at the corner of Chicago ave. and Summit street.

Referred to Com. on Street Lights.

By Ald. Ainsworth—

Resolved, That a lamp post be erected on the S.E. corner of Hamilton and Olive streets.

Adopt